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THE
Ape-Gentle-vvoman,
OR THE
CHARACTER
OF AN
Exchange-wench.

London, Printed for *Francis Pye*. 1675.

49.527
OR

THE

Character

OF AN

EXCHANGE-WENCH.

SHe's a Huffing piece of Puff-paſt, or a bit extraordinary for thoſe queaſie Stomachs which can't digeſt a Bawdy-Houſe: A *Crocodile* ſtuff'd with Rubbiſh, or the Scene in *Macbeth* reverſ'd, *viz.* a Beaſt in a Womans Skin, A Whore in Masquarade, or a trick the Devil intended to put upon the City. She's but one Story above a common Harlot, and when ever ſhe falls from her Shop, drops into a Brothel-houſe. Her carriage is ſo equally divided betwixt a natural Levity, and forc'd Modeſty, that one would take her for a kind of Motly'd Chriſtian, or a new interpoſition betwixt Luſt and Chaſtity, ſhe is haunted with laſcivious thoughts as with Ghoſts, and never dreſſes her ſelf without an abſolute deſign on her own vertue, her greateſt Ingenuity conſiſts in curling up her Towre, and her chieſeſt care in putting it on, for to make it fit right ſhe ſo bedaubs her Brow with Gum,

and Powder that it glisters like a *Woodstreet* Cake, or Ice dreg'd with Snow. Being an Apprentice she's confin'd to a civil Garb, in which she looks like a Fryer in a Peruke, or as the Devil would in a Monks-hood. When she's ready for her Shop, she is so for a Tavern; whither she's as easily invited as a Barber to a Bawdy-house, or a Country Parson to a Sundays Dinner. She's as fond of a Treat, as the Devil is of a Quaker, and squeezing her Bubble by the hand, thinks she has got him as sure. If you miss on her at her Shop, you may find her at the Tavern; but if you suspect her Cully to be either poor or wise, you shall not fail to find her at the Bracket-house.

She's a critical thing to deal in; having more Rises and Falls then Pepper or Indico's: She's one Comodity at several Rates, partially dispensing those favours to one for a Bottle of Claret, which shall cost another a pair of silk Stockings, and a treat to boot. She holds the same League with Oyl-Men and Vintners, as the *City* Constables do with the *Counter Turnekeys*, or as *Subburb* Headboroughs do with the Justices of Peaces Clarks, who receive a snack for bringing them custome, she is so great an Epicure, that she sells her honesty to feed her Luxury, and pawns her very Soul to satisfie her Letchery. A Town-crack that Kisses for her Bread, and might starve but for her Buttocks, is a Saint to her; both her habitation and her apparel like two friendly Sea-marks, forewarn us of our Shipwracks if we sail in that Channel: But an *Exchange Wench* like a fatal Rock hid under a mild superficies, Ruines a Man before he can say, *Lord have mercy upon us.*

But to rake up those Dunghils from whence these Serpents do proceed; the first you must know is from an Ale house, and she owns her Original as the Poets say *Venus* doth, from froth, not of the Sea, but the tap, which being tunn'd up in the musty Vessel of some gouty *Hostess*, lives there like Sack upon Carrion; Withal receiving additional nourishment from the æquous humours of her foul body in ten Months time comes to be drawn off, but leaves such Lees behind, out of which the Devil, were he turn'd Chymist could

extract

extract nothing but poyson) The Lump of Distempers being thus produced at eleven or twelve years of Age it is sent to *Hackney*, where she stays no longer then till she has attain'd i'th accomplishments of gather your Rose-buds, and offering at a Coopee, and then is call'd home again to learn the necessary ingredients of confidence and impudence, which intermixt with her *Hackney* imbellishments will sufficiently accomplish her for a, *What d'ye want Sir, Bands or Cravats.*

The second springs from a lean Vicaridge, whose small Benefice and the fear of Widdow-hood, prove such prevalent Padlocks to obstruct enjoyment that the good folks are fain to lye as quiet in Bed as Statues on tomb stones, till they have contracted a raging lust which scorns Oppositions, then they eagerly fall to, never desisting till they beget a perfect *Inheritrix* of those *Veneral* Delights. She is spritely beyond immagination, and scornes the little *Artifices* of Boarding, or Dancing School should teach her impudence, being naturally addicted to that Air and Gayetie, which others can't attain without the expence of time and Money: By a particular prerogative derived from her Parents, she anticipates her age, and becomes full fledg'd before her contemporary can get Pen feathered; her Father studying her inclinations, finding them light, being willing to put her to a Trade agreeable to her humour, wisely designs her for the *Exchange.*

The third Dunghil which helps to populate this famous Academy, is the broken Phanatick, and she who comes from hence is a thing sprung up by Providence her Father being busied in the late Civil War, her Mother made bold with the brethren; If they were but Phanaticks she was for them, let them be Independants, and Anabaptists, Fifth Monarchy or Quakers. She had more Religions in her Belly than would furnish a Library, of which should her daughter retain but a Tenet for every Father, I would defie any Language to give her Herisie a Name. She was intended for a Gentlewoman, but now her Father being stript of his Bishops Lands, and knowing her too stout for a Chamber-Maid, resolves to send her to the Exchange.

This

Thus having acquainted you with their Etymology, I will jumble them together, (for I think there is not a T----- to chuſe) and give you their deſcription in general.

An *Exchange-Wench* is a kind of ſtanding Harlot, whom you may as certainly have at her Shop as a Porter at a Corner, and as willing they are to be employ'd, if they follow either their Parents example, or their own Education, you ſee they have no antipathy to any Vice; but as for Whoring they go to it *Cum Privilegio*, and eſteem it one of the neceſſarieſt Utenſils of their trade. A little before they're bound, the Miſtriſs gives out to all her Merchant Cuſtomers that ſhe has a freſh Face a coming, which makes them flock to her Shop, as to an *Eaſt-India* Sale, and bid as faſt for her Apprentices Maiden-head as if it were to be ſold by Inch of Candle, and indeed 'tis little leſs, he always carrying it that bids moſt for it, whether he be *Turk* or *Jew*. When the bargains concluded on, ſhe tells the Girl ſhe muſt ſtudy to be obliging to all her Cuſtomers, eſpecially to Mr. —— (meaning him with whom ſhe has contracted for her Maiden-head) acquaints her that he's a Perſon of great Worth, and of ſo ſweet a diſpoſition! that if he does but fancy her, 'tis twenty to one but he'l make her a Woman (a Whore ſhe means) for ever; and withal tells her ſhe muſt carry his Linnen to his Chamber to morrow morning; the ſilly Girl makes her a Country Curteſie, and promiſes her to be complayſant to all his civil deſires. But he ſoon ſpoyls her exception, for having laid an Ambuſh of two or three Bottles of Wine, a Neats tongue, and a little good Language, raiſing her deſires with a little ob-Scene deſcription of the ſweets of enjoyment, he tells her the craving Bed invites them to action; where after he has enjoyed her in half an hours time ſends her home as honeſt as her Neighbours.

After ſhe has been us'd ſo often, that ſhe's relinquiſhed by the Maſters, ſhe begins to grow ſubtle, and reſolves to revenge her ſelf on their Prentices; of whoſe company ſhe is as fond as a Gameſter of a Bubble, and with like cruelty debauches and ruines him at the ſame time. When he viſits her at her Shop, ſhe commends

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the Play-houſes, *Spring-Garden*, and the Park, and never deſiſts till ſhe has got the Cully to coach her to one of them. While they are abroad, ſhe admits hands and Lips fair play, and only reſerves the laſt favour for his ruine, if ſhe lays hold of his Watch or a *Jacobus*, ſhe takes it in jeſt, and keeps it in earneſt, looking upon it, but as an earneſt for that dear bought pleaſure he intends to purchaſe, in this Jollity ſhe forgets not to enquire whether he keeps Caſh, which if ſhe find he do, ſhe computes to her ſelf how long it will laſt. She exceeds a *Parker* in policy as a much as a good Husband does a flaunting Prodigal, ever calculating the proſperity, and protracting the deſtruction of her Bubble, till ſhe's aſſured of another to ſupply his place, and then as if ſhe repented her former mildneſs, like a Lyon arrived at his cruel Age, ſhe falls on, and devours the *Puppy* ſhe but play'd with before.

In ſhort her ſmiles are more treacherous then a Crocodiles tears, and her dalliances more dangerous then the imbraces of a Serpent. She has as many Gallants as acquaintance, and whilſt ſhe proſtitutes her body to one of them, ſwears by her Soul ſhe was never concern'd with the reſt, which the Bubble believes, till meeting with ſome of his Brother-*Starlings* (for by this time ſhe has ruin'd moſt of them) and comparing Notes, they are fully convinc'd ſhe hath been equally perfidious to them all. This diſcovery renders her notorious and totally diveſts her of her City acquaintance, ſo that wanting the convenience of her former Jnnkets, and being by an accuſtomated lewdneſs rendred uncapable of confining to the ſtricter method of a civil Life, her Rigging too beginning to be ſcandalous ſhe quits the City to ſeek relief in the Fields, where ſhe petitions the Bawds for their Letters of commendation to *Moll* —— who thereupon moſt gratiouſly receive her into the Society of her Hackneys, where like a Phœnix ſhe blazes till ſhe's almoſt conſumed and then turned out of Doors, carries ſuch a *Hago* along with her, one may ſmell her from hence to *Kingſland*,

The Apology.

As in tart Prologues, Poets shew their Wit,
In railing Gen'rally at all the Pit;
Although they know their's some of sue best esteem!
They would not speak an evil word of them.
So Ladyes when I writ this Character,
As for the Vertuous I design'd not her;
I only aim'd at the Lascivious Jilt,
So she that takes Exceptions shews her guilt.
But you would all be modest,—— pray so be,
For then I'me sure your unconcern'd with me.

FINIS.